

Weinen Allein

a song-poem by

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For whatever its worth:
Your beloved spirit
Never burned.
Your honor remains,
Like the scorched earth,
Where your family,
And hearth,
Used to be.
Your courage cannot be learned,
Or earned.
We went from bad to better
Again, our backs up against
The wall, again
Against,
The hell-storm,
The whirl-wind.
An end fit
Only
For the very
Dragon that breathed it
A bitter torment
For our remnant
The surest warning
Of our temperment
The valor of a Knight's Cross
The power of a King's pure heart
Once
We shared a kind word
Our love
In a letter
Our language, like a winter
Passing into
A widows forever
Our brother, not in tatters
Our sister, not afraid and battered
Long, lost best of friends
We never stopped to count the cost
We only matched the cadence
Of our ancient song
We beared a burden
No other will imagine
We built our nation
From our own, for our own, with our own
Blood and toil
Providential
Passion
The moment we had
I wouldn't trade for all the rotten
World and its ill gotten gains

It all got worse,
With our cities set ablaze
In their mother's arms
Our children disappeared
Into the allied flames
The highest heights
All their terrible crimes
Have reached
And yet the damnable enemy
Wars still
Now against your memory
I cannot recall
A more warmer home
Penny that it is thrown
Into the treacherous ocean,
I sing in defense
Of the cause, of the works,
And the struggles
Of our good folks
Of our loyal kin
Of our heroes
Of our fellow clansmen
Of our cherished leader
And our treasured fatherland men
Hail fatherland
Hail fatherland
Hail fatherland
Your vision
Will always put to shame
The triple headed monster
That left nothing in its evil wake
Except your ghost
Your words reverberate
Your worth resounds
From the closest rock
To the furthest star away
Hail victory